

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 38. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,078.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AT 110 Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the

contents of the paper, should be addressed, "Editors

of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to

the business of the paper, should be addressed, "Publishers

of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD,

New York."

Advertisements, 10 cents per line each insertion.

THE STANDARD.

THE ANDERSON EXTRADITION CASE.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND.

The London Times, after a careful statement of the

facts in the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, whose

extradition has been demanded by the Government of

the United States of the Government of Canada—he

having killed a man in Missouri who attempted to

arrest his flight from bondage—says:

"In their hearts and consciences the Canadian

authorities must have felt that Anderson slew his

enemy in defence of all that man holds dear; they

must have felt that to surrender him to his pursuers

to be burnt alive—a fate probably reserved for him—

would be a most dreadful responsibility, and yet, as

they were bound to administer the law impartially, they

may have hardly seen how to evade the conclusion.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find that they have

taken refuge in indecision, and remitted the case suc-

cessively from one court to another. First, the

magistrates gave up the attempt, and referred the

matter to the Attorney-General; then the Attorney-

General, after two months' consideration, alleged his

incompetence; and now the Court of Queen's Bench

has pronounced its verdict. The question, by which tribunal it

should finally be decided. Before this time, indeed,

judgment has doubtless been given, though on which

side it would be hard to conjecture.

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the white planter who attempted to arrest him, it is

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establish their case. The truth is, that such complac-

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have differed pervade Eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob can not shut us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State street it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but ideas rule. You know very well that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be induced by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat (applause). They may make money, but they cannot make public opinion; wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.] Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to speak opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are those boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. They hear they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers (applause and laughter). With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can speak all those cannon (applause). Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat type. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! [Applause.] I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact. You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech (groans for the Abolitionists). Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But, after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried *Disunion*; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sundered in the effort to free the slave (loud cheers). We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us (applause). Poor fellows! [pointing to the rioters] they have no organ—we have conquered *The New York Herald*.

They say one man is a majority, when he has right on his side; I have got three thousand on my side. [Tumult in the gallery, during which Mr. Phillips paused, and then said:]—Do not be impatient, ladies and gentlemen, it is only ten minutes to twelve; there is time enough. Time will do everything. It will bring South Carolina back into the Union a free State (applause). We are not going to lose one of the old thirteen. We are going to conquer them all to freedom. I mean, before I die, to have all the thirteen States in the Union, without a slave (applause). My disunion means, simply to get rid of the slaveholders. I want the son of every black man who fought with Washington inside my Union, and I know that the 384,000 blacks of South Carolina are the sons of the Revolution. The stars and stripes shall yet protect them in liberty (applause). Only wait; we shall worry out these boys. This is Boston; we will appeal to the Commonwealth in a moment or two; that is a very different scene. I understand the State House has begun to move, and got as far as half way down Park street; and when the codfish comes, look out, for we shall have quiet. *Bene pecti placidum sub libertate quietum*. That means—Free Speech (applause). We will have it yet. Massachusetts is not conquered; the capital is not owned by State street (cheers), and whoever is Mayor of Boston, John A. Andrew is Governor of the Commonwealth (prolonged cheers). I do not despair of the Commonwealth. [Three groans were given for Gov. Andrew by the crowd in the gallery, which were followed by three cheers for Mayor Wightman. Then some one called out "Three cheers for Wendell Phillips." They were given with an emphasis.]

Mr. Phillips—An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides (laughter and applause). I hope all my blessings won't come at once. [A Voice—"Go ahead: we're not where the hair is short." This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides.] Mr. Phillips resumed—Oh, we have been through a great many such scenes as this. There is always a calm after a storm. You will find after this, that every Representative from Massachusetts on the floor of Congress will stand so straight that he will lean backward (applause and hisses). I am told that Charles Sumner said, a fortnight ago, that he had more reliance on South Carolina than on Massachusetts to help us in this crisis (applause by the mob). He will rejoice when the Commonwealth comes down like a vulture, and sweeps that gallery where it belongs—into the calaboose (applause, groans for Charles Sumner and hearty cheers). Well, friends, we ought to be very generous. The conquerors should allow the conquered to complain as much as they please. When, twenty years ago, we began our labors, Edward Everett was at the top of the ladder. To-day, this Society, after twenty years of argument, sends Charles Sumner (hisses) into the Senate, and Edward Everett at the head of a Committee (cheers for Everett). We have turned things upside down, and get their right side up. [A Voice—"Why didn't you send Burlingame?"] To-day, Sumner represents Massachusetts, and Everett and Winthrop—we have taken them down from that elevation—they represent the Merchants' Exchange (applause).

Now, gentlemen, allow me to make one exceedingly serious and timely suggestion to you. It is more than likely, that within a short time, the civil authority will enter this hall; and allow me to suggest, in order that it may be known who are our friends and who are not, that the friends of this platform will, as far as possible, keep their seats and preserve silence (cries of "Good!" and applause).

[This statement and request of Mr. Phillips had an instantaneous effect on the mobocrats, who became almost entirely quiet, and remained so, with only occasional interruption, to the close of Mr. Phillips's speech.]

Mr. Phillips—And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembled this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union—several States having quitted it—the Gulf States having almost or entirely parted it, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves in to our Southern brethren? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read to them a week before its delivery, and repudiated (cries of "Good," cheers and hisses). New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toll of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the whole question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise, whatever. Now, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? How shall we who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not party lines but the plastic opinion outside of them—represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it in no conceit, but in verity, and from sincere conviction. New England does the thinking for one half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Boston, Jan. 27th, 1861.

The daily papers have already made known to you what stirring times we had in this city last week. An unusually large number of persons were possessed with evil spirits, many whereof had two or three kinds at one and the same time. These unclean spirits tore the possessed, and convulsed them sore, causing groans, outcries and howlings, and manifold contortions of body and limbs; yet went not the devils out of them! Perhaps this persistency of possession may indicate much, and long continued, and grossly aggravated sin, on the part both of them and their fathers.

In the order of time, I should speak first of a pleasanter topic than the raging of these possessed ones, though the latter also, like all other things, will work good to the righteous, and their cause.

The Twenty-seventh National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary, held in the Music Hall, was a complete and distinguished success. I will say only, in advance of the accustomed full description which you will soon receive, that, in numbers, it life exceeded the large gathering of last year; that life excelled the decorations of the balconies; that, in consideration of the inevitable continuity of social chat in a reunion of so many friends, the music of a fine orchestra was substituted for public speaking; and that the harmony of the occasion, of both sorts, was uninterrupted and complete.

This celebration took place on Wednesday evening, and many friends from other and distant places came, not only for its sake, but to attend the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held at the Tremont Temple, on the two days and evenings following.

The gathering on Thursday morning in the Temple was the largest morning meeting we have ever had, except perhaps last year, when a special effort was made to secure a large attendance at the opening session by advertising several distinguished speakers for that particular time. Now, the advancing success of our cause, and the shaking of the whole country, and of each particular department of its interests, by the frantic struggles of slavery to reinstate itself, answered the same purpose. Our worst foe, indifference of the public in regard to slavery, is dead and buried, without hope of resurrection.

At ten o'clock, the time appointed for the opening of the meeting on Thursday, the great hall was three quarters filled, and filled by friends, half of them, as usual, being women. It was plain that no one had thought fit to emulate the infamy of Richard S. Fay and J. Murray Howe by preoccupied the hall, clamoring down the peaceful persons who had hired it, and then impudently pretending to be the meeting which they had violently displaced. All the opening services, the Report of the Committee of Arrangements, the choice of Secretaries and various Committees, the reading of the impressive Psalm which Mr. Garrison had selected in his sick room, the prayer offered by Rev. Robert C. Waterson, the Treasurer's Report and its acceptance, the reading of an excellent letter from Mr. Garrison, the vote that it be published with the proceedings of the meeting, and the reading of five resolutions by Wendell Phillips (a report, in part, from the Business Committee), all passed in silent attention, except that the appearance of Mr. Phillips caused enthusiastic applause, followed by a few hisses from the outskirts of the meeting.

James Freeman Clarke, pastor of the "Church of the Disciples," first rose to speak, and was received with applause, which was redoubled when he named John Brown with honor, and repeated yet more vigorously when he referred to Wendell Phillips as identified with the honor and the welfare of Massachusetts.

During these exercises more had been coming in, and the remaining space in and under the deep gallery which forms the base of the hall was now filled. Groans and outcries from this region, following the applause at the mention of John Brown's name, showed that a large portion of these last comers were enemies, and that their purpose was to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting by their clamors. They continued to make occasional interruptions through the whole of Mr. Clarke's admirable speech, sometimes obliging him to make a considerable pause before he could again be heard.

Wendell Phillips, who next came forward to speak, received from the audience the heartiest and most affectionate of greetings. As the oceanlike sound of this welcome subsided, the groans and yells of the enemy were again heard, and were continued for some time. This rabble was different in its composition from the crowd which assaulted the John Brown meeting. The well-dressed merchants and clerks of that occasion were very sparingly, if at all, represented here. They seemed to have sent their porters and errand-boys, with such rowdies as could be raised from the streets and wharves; and these hirelings knew their place well enough to stick to the rear of the hall, yelling, groaning and howling at intervals, but keeping as far as possible from the platform. Probably, indeed, none of them were capable of accepting the invitation given by the President, Francis Jackson, at the opening of the meeting, requesting those who wished to speak, whether for or against the resolutions, to come to the platform for that purpose. Reasonable language was perhaps altogether beyond their power. Yells seemed their vernacular, and the imitation of the lower animals their chief acquirement.

Who, think you, was the first person selected by these delicate monsters to be honored with three cheers? No other than Edward Everett. He had learned the name by rote when North street joined with Beacon street in electing Mr. Appleton, and they now repeated it familiarly and correctly. But inarticulate howlings seemed most congenial to them, and with these they frequently interrupted Mr. Phillips's speech.

About the middle of the forenoon, as if efforts had been made to send a reinforcement of rowdies, a crowd burst in at the two corners under the gallery, violently pressing forward the former occupants of those places. These joined with their yelling brethren above in giving—Three cheers for the Union—Three cheers for Crittenden—Three cheers for the Union—repeating the last several times. When these demonstrations paused for breath, Phillips said—"Poor Union!"—and then vociferous groans and howlings were renewed.

As the uproar thus made entirely prevented the mass of the audience from hearing, Mr. Phillips continued to speak in a moderate voice, saying that the reporters would give him a far larger audience, and that the howlings which now prevented a thousand or two from hearing would awaken the interest of tens of thousands to read.

About 12 o'clock a report came that the High Sheriff of the County, with a force, was on his way to the meeting. Mr. Phillips stated this rumor to the audience, at the same time requesting the friends of good order to keep their seats and preserve silence.

After this, the mob made only occasional interruptions, and Mr. Phillips ended his speech in comparative quiet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, was the next speaker. The three hearty cheers given for him by the audience were followed by cheers from the mob for the Union, repeated and continued so as to postpone, and often to interrupt, his brief speech. He, however, closed it in quiet, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, who followed him, spoke comparatively undisturbed, though uttering radical and energetic truths, until the hour of adjournment arrived.

The mob immediately evacuated their position, and ranged themselves in the street, merely making insulting comments upon the audience as they passed quietly out.

In the afternoon the meeting again assembled, and the mob again crowded the obscurer and remoter parts of the hall.

Mr. Quincy, one of the Vice-Presidents, occupied the chair, and read a letter of resignation from the President, Francis Jackson, who said that ill health, and the infirmities of advancing age, prevented such fulfillment of the duties and responsibilities of that office as he would wish to give. This letter was referred, by vote, to the Committee on the nomination of officers, and Charles C. Burleigh proceeded to address the meeting.

He spoke at first without interruption. When he intimated that violence should not be used to restrain the seceding States, but that it was now best for the benefit of all concerned, to "let the Union go"—a storm of hisses came from the rioters; and when he after-

wards counselled that "no compromise" with slavery made, and that "no line to the Pacific" should shamefully guarantee the continuance of that wickedness on its Southern side, the yells and hisses were long continued. Three cheers for Webster, and three for the Union succeeded, and these performances were repeated, alternating with howls and howlings, until Mr. Burleigh ceased, after speaking more than half an hour. During the latter part of this time, the mob seemed greatly annoyed by the quiet manner in which the speaker ignored their interruptions, speaking continuously, with no more effort of voice than would make him audible to the reporters. His speech was an admirable one, as you will see in the official report.

During the latter half of Mr. Burleigh's speech, policemen had made their appearance in the gallery, quietly working their way among the crowd, so as to be interspersed through the whole mass of rioters. It seemed as if the Mayor had decided, however late, to fulfill his duty, and remove the disturbers, and that the police had taken a position in which they could act efficiently for the preservation of order. Soon, however, it appeared that this numerous body of policemen had no orders to act. They stood among the rioters while these were disturbing the meeting by alternate howlings, songs, and cheers for the Union, and even by throwing long cushions from the gallery seats down upon the heads of the audience below, without a single movement of interference. Indeed, a policeman told one who inquired why he did not arrest a disturber who was close at hand, that this would be only the signal for his own dismissal from office; that men of wealth and influence were the upholders of the mob; and that it was well understood among the police that these rioters were not to be interfered with.

About 4 o'clock Mayor Wightman appeared in the hall, and after many ineffectual attempts to obtain silence, succeeding in obtaining it sufficiently to address the rioters, and then requested them to hear the presiding officer whom they had elected. Whether or not his Honor adhered to the truth in his subsequent remarks, this was an unquestionable fact. Mayor Wightman's election had been made sure by just such people as these, and those, with their Beacon street and State street condottieri, had chosen him for just such work as the disturbance of this meeting.

He proceeded to say that he had received a letter from the Trustees of the hall, desiring him to clear it, and to put an end to the meeting.

There were immediate cries of "False," "False," on the platform, where several of the Trustees stood, with the officers and members of the meeting, and a call was made for the reading of the letter.

His Honor complied with this demand and read the letter aloud, which proved clearly to be a request of the Trustees for the removal of the rioters, and not of the audience.

Even this timely manifestation of the truth did not shame the Mayor into acting like an honest man and a just magistrate. It merely changed the oppressive and tyrannical command which he came to utter into a request. He requested the officers of the meeting and their friends on the platform to withdraw from the hall. They replied that they were there in their own right, conducting their lawful business in an orderly manner, and demanded of him that he should exclude the disturbers, and enable the Society to proceed with its business.

Finding them fixed in this determination, Mayor Wightman had not the impudence further to gainay it, but ordered his police to clear the galleries, which contained the main body of the rioters. Those insolent rascals, when the mandate was made known to them, called out to the Mayor to clear the platform first. The order had been given, however, and the thing was done, in the course of three quarters of an hour, the police making no arrests, but ejecting the mob without the slightest difficulty, thus showing what they could have done in any previous part of the day, had the Mayor chosen to order it.

Many ladies and others, members of the Society and of the meeting, were sitting in the side galleries when the above order was given. Most of these were turned out by the police, with the rioters. But before the last of them were sent away, the Mayor bent himself to give an order which he gentlemen have given long before, that the ladies and gentlemen accompanying them, should be permitted to remain in the galleries! When this expulsion was completed, and the gallery doors secured, his Honor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and inquired if he wished the rioters beneath the gallery turned out. Mr. Quincy answered that they were now quiet, and that, as long as they continued so, he would much prefer to have them remain. In reply to questions by Mr. Quincy, the Mayor then acknowledged that the meeting was a lawful, orderly and proper one, and had a right to be protected in the transaction of its regular business. His Honor then retired, leaving thirty of the police, under the charge of a lieutenant, at Mr. Quincy's orders.

At 5 p.m. the meeting was again called to order, and was addressed by Mr. Hoyt, of Athol, who formerly went to Charlottesville, Virginia, as voluntary counsel for John Brown. While he was speaking, a portion of the rioters again entered through a door beneath the gallery. They made various outcries and produced some disorder, but as they did not attempt by continuous clamors to prevent the speaking as before, the police were not required to remove them. And at 5 1/2 o'clock, Mr. Hoyt having closed in quiet, the meeting adjourned to 7 1/2.

Those who went to attend the evening meeting found, to their astonishment, that the Temple was closed by order of the Mayor, and that no meeting would be allowed there that evening.

Being thus treated dishonestly and unjustly at last, as at first, by the Mayor, in spite of his brief intermediate interval of good conduct, the Board of Managers decided to throw upon him the responsibility of the interruption of the meeting, and to decline holding the next day's sessions, whether or not he repeated the arbitrary act of closing the Temple against them. It is reported that he did order it to be closed, having in vain requested the Trustees of that building to withdraw their permission to occupy it. It should be recorded to the credit of those gentlemen, that they prized justice and right more than even the security of their property; and that, in circumstances of threatened violence which have caused many to succumb to mob law, they stood firm, fulfilled their contract, and did all they could to protect the rights of their temporary tenants.

We have now to see whether the reign of a Republican President will give any more security to freedom of speech in the States called free.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1861.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The past week has been an historic one for Boston. We used to yield the palm for mobs and brutality to New York; but since Mayor Wightman has taken up the business, and Beacon and North streets have associated to crush out free speech, Isaiah Rynders must look to his laurels, and the Empire Club is in great danger of being eclipsed.

One would think that the lesson which has been so often repeated might, by this time, be well learned; i.e., that nothing holds an unpopular cause so much as persecution. In this very anti-slavery struggle, who shall say how much it is indebted to its enemies? The baptism of blood which marked its inauguration, the fiery ordeal through which it has been compelled to pass, more than anything else, have given to it its irresistible power and omnipotence. Without such aid, who so feeble as the Abolitionists? With it, they have awakened consciences, defied wealth, overturned institutions, elected presidents, and shaken the continent to its foundations. We mark our progress by our seeming calamities. The murder of Lovejoy—the martyrdom of Torrey—Southern lynch law—the rifling of the mails—the destruction of anti-slavery presses—what could we have done without these?

Abolitionists have learned by this time to take persecution philosophically. If men are so anxious to spread our gospel of deliverance to the captive, we cannot feel too grateful (not to them, but to the Lord) for their efficient service. The brutal malignity of a mob is only exceeded by Mr. Phillips at the Music Hall on Sunday mornings. How well they succeeded! The daily papers printed his address in full. *The New York Tribune* scattered it broadcast over the North, and *The Herald* carried it safely to the South, where *The Tribune* could not have read and discussed it, and we had quotations from it interpolated into Congressional speeches. The rabble little understood

power they were giving the hated orator. Now, "no poet up Music Hall confines his powers"; he has the broad continent for an audience, and the press, the telegraph and the Congress are but mouthpieces to reverberate his sentiments. Well did he exclaim "Thank God for Faust, who made mobs impossible!"

But while recognizing all these potent aids to the slave's redemption, let us not forget the men who are responsible for these outrages upon Free Speech. We have already pilloried the names of Richard S. Fay and James Murray Howe. Infamy is hereafter inseparable from them. Though not visible at the Anti-Slavery Convention on Thursday, as at the John Brown meeting in December, their representatives were not wanting, and we know who paid the bills and purchased the rum. North street was present in full force.

We had every reason to expect a stormy time. Our Mayor, whose fanaticism and avarice seemed equally matched, had offered every inducement for the rioters to disturb our meeting. Dogberry's instructions to the Watch were not more ridiculous than Mayor Wightman's declaration to the Committee who waited upon him. "As it was evident," he said, "an anti-slavery meeting could not be held in Boston without serious and perhaps violent opposition, we ought not to hold one, and, if it was held, and such opposition was provoked, he should arrest those who called and conducted the meeting as the aggressors upon the public peace." We have had magistrates before who did not know their business, but never one whose disregard of the duties of his office was so shameless and impudent.

We consider our meetings a success. Two sessions were finished in spite of the rioters. In the evening the Mayor played the autocrat and closed the hall. Upon him rests the responsibility of crushing the Convention. I cannot speak too highly of the friends who attended the meetings. Throughout all the disturbances and threatened violence, during scenes that at times rivalled Pandemonium, they displayed the greatest calmness and the most resolute purpose. Every woman present acted like a heroine. All kept their seats, manifesting no alarm, showing the most lofty courage.

There are many other things I should like to write you, but cannot now. The Festival on Wednesday evening was a grand success socially. Whether pecuniarily or not, you have doubtless learned from Mrs. Chapman before now.

Need I say, in closing, that it grieves a son of Massachusetts to thus chronicle her disgrace? How applicable at this time are Lowell's lines:

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's abominable with the rest,
She, that ought to be a lust'ring star
In her grand old eagles' nest;
She that ought to stand so fearless
In the ranks around her hurled,
Hold! up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!"

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1861.

The present apparent lull in the secession storm is deceptive. It is the calm which precedes the hurricane, and within six weeks of this time we shall see a totally different state of things from that now existing. The cry of the South for the preservation of the status quo between the government and the seceding States is a treacherous, deceitful cry, and means simply that the Seceders want time to make all the necessary arrangements and preparations for war with the Federal government. Mr. Buchanan is perfectly aware of this, and still he cares so much more for temporary peace than for his country, that he consents to the arrangement. We are to have no attack upon the forts till he goes out of office, and that is sufficient for him. But the South, the seceding States, violate the status quo arrangement with perfect impunity, so far as the seizure of Federal arsenals and other property is concerned. In other words, the secret understanding between President Buchanan and the Seceders is, that the latter shall not attack Forts Sumter and Pickens till after the 4th of March, and the President will adopt the do-nothing policy. Meantime, the traitors go on investing these forts, and committing numberless outrages in other quarters of the South, and the General government winks at the treason! There is no help for it at present—the Republicans are passengers in the boat, which is commanded and piloted by traitors, and can do nothing till after the 4th of March.

It is undoubtedly the purpose of the Seceders to make a tremendous demonstration early in March, before the new Administration can do anything towards the reinforcement of the Southern fortresses. That is now their plan, and I have good reasons for believing that they have not for one moment relinquished the idea of taking possession of Washington. Their plans are kept very secret, but enough has leaked out within a few days to make General Scott very anxious about the matter. That there is a plot to take the Capital and other public buildings, there can be no doubt. Military companies in Virginia, Maryland, and even in Kentucky, have been pledged to take part in the contemplated seizure. Nothing will prevent the execution of the project but the most ample preparations by the government to meet the invaders. As yet, but little has been done; but it is expected that nearly one thousand United States troops will be here by the end of February. But what defence can they make against ten thousand invaders? The government is doing very little under the circumstances.

Doubtless, the best thing that could happen for the North would be an attempt, even if it were successful, to take the Capital. The war feeling would instantly be aroused in all the free States, to an extent that would not only retake possession of the Capital, but would sweep slavery from Maryland and Virginia. There are several of the Southern States which contain more ready fighting men than an equal number of free States. Slavery and a barbarous condition of society very naturally breeds a large class of brutal fighting men, who are ready for any, any lawless expedition; and doubtless the Gulf States, Missouri and Kentucky, can furnish, within a given time, more men accustomed to rough life than the free States. Our civilization does not create rough fighting men, and there is naturally a distaste among us for settling controversies with the sword. But when the North is once aroused, and a war cannot be avoided, when fighting becomes the highest duty of the citizen—fighting for freedom and against slavery—then the North, the free States, will sweep everything before them, and the slave States will discover, too late to remedy their mistake, that they have aroused a sleeping lion.

I dwell upon this prospect of war, because it seems to me inevitable. One thing is certain, there will be compromise or war. Unless the North is cheated into disgraceful concessions, the difficulty will be settled with the sword. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. If an attempt were to be made to settle the question amicably with the Southern Confederacy, the very first question in dispute would have to be decided on the battle field. The South would demand New Mexico as her share of the Territories, and the North would not give it up to slavery. The Southern Confederacy would demand the rendition of fugitive slaves. The North would refuse it. In no possible event could a war be put off for a twelvemonth; and the free States are mad if they do not prepare for this great contest—the conflict of the ages.

From certain indications of the spirit of the North, which can be seen through letters and petitions at this distance, I confess that it seems to me that there is greater danger of a compromise than of war. I know that a great deal of fault is found with Congress, and the admonition comes often from the press and the lecture room to the member of Congress, to stand firm, as if he were afraid to stand up. But I know dozens of instances where members are utterly opposed to any compromises, and have taken that ground, but they are trembling in their shoes for fear of their constituents. Many of these gentlemen are receiving thousands of petitions from Republicans, begging them to make terms with the border slave States, and yet they refuse, like brave, good men, to do wrong, even to oblige a majority of their constituents. More than one Republican member of Congress stands up to-day against a compromise, when he knows that a decided majority of his constituents are opposed to his course. It is high time that the people of the free States should understand this question of compromises. Many suppose that Crittenden proposes the restoration of the old Missouri compromise. No such thing. But, on the other hand, the entire South disdains to accept any such concession. The Missouri compromise simply prohibited slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min., while the Crittenden proposition establishes and protects human slavery in all territory south of 36 deg. 30 min., and in all

territory we may hereafter acquire. The old compromise was simply a Congressional enactment, not binding on the people; and this is an amendment of the Constitution. In short, the Crittenden amendment is a monstrous proposition, and, sooner than woman and child of them, submit to martyrdom. This Congress will not consent to it. But it is greatly to be feared that when the slave States combined, and out of the Union, submit this proposition, the free States, or some of them, will accept it. If the people of the free States are not to understand the question, there is yet hope of freedom; and if not, all hope is lost. I greatly fear that a National Convention would to-morrow submit to the demands of slavery.

The debate in the House of Representatives shows that there is a very strong Union sentiment left in the border slave States, but whether it is enough to overcome the wild fanaticism that now sweeps over the South, is very doubtful. The steady progress of secession unquestionably has its effect upon the Northern members of Congress. If it does not create a panic, it gives rise to considerable uneasiness as to the future. Cassius M. Clay, three weeks ago, was opposed to all compromise; and now he is here urging a compromise upon the Republicans. So far, without much effect; but no man can tell, in times like these, what a day may bring forth. I am still of the opinion, however, that compromise will be agreed upon. Undoubtedly, the Adams compromise would easily pass, if the border State members would accept of it; but they will not. The Republicans who would vote for it would do so on the same ground that they voted for the Montgomery amendment to the Kansas bill two years ago, expecting to make a free State of New Mexico. But the slave States will not accept of the New Mexico-Adams concession. What object, then, could there be in passing it?

The course of the Northern Democrats of late greatly embarrasses the Republicans. They discover the fact that the free States are full of traitors, and that they will have a hard fight at home before they can attempt to enforce the laws in South Carolina. A large portion of the Democrats of the free States are as guilty of treason before God this day as the people of the seceding States. Of course this is an embarrassment to the Republicans, soon to come into power. If there is separation, war will soon come, upon some point in dispute between the two confederacies. In the present temper of the South, she will not relinquish the Territory to the North without a war. Undoubtedly it would be a very maddest thing the South could be guilty of; but, after this secession movement, who is not ready to see the slave States rush into any folly, any fanaticism?

You will have seen Mr. Lovejoy's speech ere this. It was a most eloquent argument against compromises of every kind. It was really a greater speech than the one last winter, which raised such a row in the House. That was more declamatory—this a more powerful argument, and more truly eloquent. It was listened to with profound attention by all the members present. Some of the bold speeches on the Republican side of the House seem to have deceived the North. I see *The Tribune* keeps quoting from John Sherman's speech, as if that gentleman was opposed to a compromise. It is not so. The tone of the speech was warlike and bold, but if you will look carefully you will see, in the very end of the speech, that Sherman is for compromise. Other men have done the same thing—made bold speeches in favor of executing the laws, and yet, somewhere in the course of their remarks, have indicated a purpose to vote for some one of the compromise projects before Congress. Should a compromise pass, these facts will assume a greater prominence than they do now; but if no compromise is agreed upon, the people generally will have the impression that no prominent Republican favored concession to the slave-masters. Let the exact truth be told. Many Republicans are for compromise. Thousands of Republican voters are for compromise. But the main body, as yet stands firm. Not enough have given their assent to any "scheme of conciliation" to carry anything through Congress.

The whole country waits for March and Lincoln, in the hope of a change for the better. If the government goes much longer in the direction that it now rapidly drifts, it will be upon the rocks of destruction, and all that Abraham Lincoln can do will be to recognize the new Southern Confederacy.

THE SENTIMENT OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of *The New York Times*, speaking of the hopes of the slaveholders of receiving sympathy and countenance from England and France, bears the following emphatic testimony to the anti-slavery sentiment which pervades those countries:

"In France—I need not tell you what it is in England—the universal sentiment of the people is one of abhorrence of the system of involuntary servitude as it exists to-day in America. If the question were put to vote to-morrow in France whether in case slavery could be abolished the American Republic is to use an identity to the cotton factories of Rouen till the supply could be again obtained upon a free labor basis or from some other source, seven and a half of the eight millions of voters in the Empire would vote in the affirmative. The feeling is indeed deep and thorough on the subject. All the journals, in their comments on the President's Message and on the disunion movement, take strong ground, not against secession, but against slavery. For them, slavery in the great and free and civilized American Republic is a monstrous thing, as to be beyond their power of comprehension. They admit the question of constitutional right, but not that of duty and humanity. When even Russia abolishes slavery it is not understood why the great model Republic should prefer annihilation to such a contingency."

MORE MOBILIZATION.—The telegraph informs us that the Anti-Slavery Convention, which assembled at Syracuse on Tuesday, was broken up by a large body of men, who, by a preconcerted arrangement, took possession of the hall in which it assembled, elected one of their own number chairman, and kept up a scene of confusion during the whole afternoon. In the evening, the hall was closed, by whose order does not appear. The friends of the anti-slavery cause were determined, it is said, to meet on Wednesday.

LORD BROUHAAM.—The letter from this distinguished nobleman, which we have copied on the fourth page, contains some expressions that cannot fail to excite surprise in the minds of American Abolitionists, conflicting as they do with his well-known denunciation of "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." We have a letter from Mrs. Martineau reviewing Lord Brougham's epistle, but we are compelled, for want of room, to defer its publication till next week.

HOPKINS.—A member of Congress from Ohio, writing us Jan. 23d, says: "I think we shall be able to defeat all the compromise schemes proposed, as well as all constitutional amendments securing new guarantees to slavery." All honor to those members of Congress who stand firm in this day of trial.

Special Notices.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—Conventions, in the State of New York, to be addressed by Rev. BERLIER GREEN, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SCARAS R. ANTHONY and others, will be held as follows:

PETERBORO, Saturday and Sunday, February 2d and 3d. The sessions of the Conventions will be held afternoon and evenings at 7 and 7 o'clock. Afternoon sessions free. Evening sessions 10 cents.

Let there be a grand rallying of the people. The friends in the several places will give free entertainment to those in attendance from the country.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.—The Fourth Annual New York State Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at ALBANY, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon and evenings, Feb. 4th, 5th and 6th. Hon. GERRIT SMITH, LUCRETIA MOTT, Rev. BERLIER GREEN, ELIZABETH L. ROSS, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others will address the Convention. Afternoon sessions will commence at 2 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Evening sessions at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Second Annual New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held at ALBANY, in Association Hall, Thursday and Friday, afternoon and evenings, February 7th and 8th. Hon. GERRIT SMITH, Rev. BERLIER GREEN, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others will address the Convention. Afternoon sessions at 2 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Evening sessions at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

ROBERT SMITH'S RELIGION OF REASON. No. 4, 100 N. 4th St., New York. Price Five Cents. For sale by all book stores. New York, 121 Nassau Street, New York, ROSS & TOWSE, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

